

Red Haired Bride

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Not everyone gives good advice. Sister of Hylia, we cry for you. For what you've lost, for what you could've had.

Status: complete

Published: 2012-09-02

Words: 462

Rated: Fiction K+ - Language: English - Genre: Tragedy/Horror -
Characters: Majora's Mask - Reviews: 1 - Favs: 1

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/8490784/1/Red-Haired-Bride>

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Red Haired Bride

Once upon a time, there was a kingdom in the east that was ruled by a sad king. This king ruled all alone, and had done the best he could for his people, but he felt that what he was doing wasn't good enough.

This troubled the tiny goddess who looked after his people. She decided what the sad king needed was a wife to make him happy; to support him in his decisions so he wouldn't feel like he'd made the wrong choices. Firm in her resolve, she set out on an adventure to find the king a bride.

First she went to the Gerudo, master sailors of the seas who had pretty red hair just like the little goddess. She asked if any of them wanted to be the king's bride. They responded that they didn't want to deal with the competition. The little goddess didn't get what they meant.

Next, she went to girls at the ranch, because she knew they had red hair, just like the king often told her he liked. But they too didn't want to become the king's bride. They told her that the king already had someone he liked, and that he was simply waiting for her to return his feelings.

Wanting to figure out who this mysterious girl was, she went to the tower in the far east so that she could talk with the giant who lived there. He told her that the sixteen-year-old king liked a fourteen-year-old girl with red hair who hung around the palace.

This confused the young goddess, as she was the only one who fit this description. Then, while the giant chuckled softly, the little goddess put her hands on her rosy cheeks in a meek attempt to hide her embarrassment. The young, sad, king liked her! And as she thought about it, she liked him as well.

She wanted to tell the king she returned those feelings, but she wasn't sure how. Luckily for her, a little bird waddled over to her and told her some great news. He knew someone who was wiser than anyone else in Terminia, and was willing to show her the way to him.

Once they arrived at the house the bird had described, the little goddess was quick to open the door and run headlong into the waiting darkness that resided within. An eye opened, she screamed in terror, and the door slammed shut behind her.

Laughing to itself, the bird began to meander away, happy with a job well done. A flash of lightning streaked overhead, and with a mighty thunderclap, the lying fowl was moving onto other places, other people, other broken promises.

THE END